

For the Love of a Muse by Luddleston

Category: The Witcher (TV), Wiedźmin | The Witcher - All Media Types

Genre: Geralt taking a bath, Geralt totally knows and doesn't want to talk about it, Jask writing a song about his gay feelings, Jaskier has Feelings, M/M, Pre-Relationship, Unrequited Crush, extensive description of Geralt being wet and also naked

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Relationships: Geralt z Rivii | Geralt of Rivia/Jaskier | Dandelion

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Summary:

Jaskier is struck with inspiration.

The source of said inspiration *happens* to be Geralt of Rivia, bathing in a stream like some sort of water nymph of song and legend, except with more scars and muscle and a much less pleasant demeanor.

But that's beside the point.

For the Love of a Muse

Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

Bless the Netflix show for being way better than it had any right to be, and bless TV!Jaskier for being 100% more of a bisexual disaster than Game!Jaskier.

Dandelion, you beautiful boy, don't ever stop falling in love with literally everything that moves.

It was, undeniably, a beautiful day. Sunshine and songbirds, and all kinds of little wildflowers blooming on the hillsides of wherever-the-hell they were. The rainclouds had, after many days of persistent mood-ruining, finally blown away, off to bother some other, less talented bard and some other, less exciting hero. Jaskier's hair had finally dried out.

It was such a beautiful day.

He informed Roach of this, while strumming his lute and trying to think up some lyrics—pleasant weather does wonderful things for the inspiration—but Roach didn't respond. She didn't respond to much of anyone unless they were offering her food, or they were Geralt.

The witcher in question was currently off bathing in a stream like a rube. Jaskier had decided not to do the same, because one: he didn't smell of monster entrails, and two: the water was *freezing*. He'd dipped one finger in the creek and decided that no more of him should go in there. He was tired of cold water. He'd had enough of it with the rain.

Geralt had been in there a long time. Perhaps he found some drowners—that was another thing about bathing in bodies of water, drowners. Geralt could probably kill one or two of them with his bare hands, though. Possibly even a whole pack of them. Pack? Herd? Conglomeration?

Jaskier decided to make sure Geralt was not being set upon by a flock of drowners. Or to make sure that if Geralt *was* being set upon by a murder of drowners, Jaskier was there to watch and memorialize the whole event. He left his lute safely with the rest of his things, because although most people would find musical accompaniment to a bath to be pleasant and soothing, Geralt would probably throw the lute in the river. He had a thing about Jaskier playing while he was trying to relax. Whatever. Jaskier wouldn't give him the honor of a private performance anyhow.

He was totally over that 'pie with no filling' thing, though. Completely.

Geralt, it turned out, was not under attack from a school of drowners. He was, instead, luxuriating in the ice-cold, terribly unpleasant water like one would in a hot bath on a cold winter's night. Ridiculous. Apparently, being a witcher mutated his ability to distinguish pleasantness from *freezing water*, because he looked quite happy about his circumstances, splashing about like a pig in mud.

It was, remarkably, the cleanest Jaskier had ever seen Geralt, apart from the time he'd bathed Geralt himself, as though the witcher was an unruly hound who had irritated a skunk. He'd smelled worse, though. That had probably been the monster bits on him.

Geralt stood, stepping out of the stream, seemingly unaware that Jaskier had come to check on him, ensure his safety, as any excellent traveling companion would do. The water rolled from him as he did, clinging to his musculature and glistening in the nearly-dusk light. It was the sort of image someone made a painting of: a nude man exiting the crystal waters, clothed only in the reeds and the greenery that surrounded the forest stream, a perfect marriage of nature and humanity.

If it were a painting, however, there would not be the anachronistic metal chain strung about the adonis's neck with a snarling wolf hanging directly over his sternum. People didn't go about painting romantic masterworks of witchers. But to Jaskier, that was the poignant thing about it, the dissonant note that would give a composition its character. The scars on his skin, too, would be the darker parts of that harmony, blending with the melody into—damn, he should have brought the lute with him after all.

Now, this was a sort of startling revelation. You see: Jaskier had written more than one ode to a person's physical form, often regarding their appearance nude, but thus far, these particular romantic works had only been attributed to women. They had been beautiful and flirtatious, charming and witty at times, but never had they been the sort of thing Jaskier wanted to perform for a crowd.

But this, oh, this tune that was floating into his head—he needed to write it down but Geralt was still standing on the bank, trying to get mud off his feet and ankles—this had the makings of a masterpiece. And why shouldn't it? The white-haired witcher from Rivia had been Jaskier's muse for months now, the subject of his best work, if he was being honest. He'd even caught *Geralt* humming one of his tunes while he was checking Roach's horseshoes (and then Geralt had immediately denied any memory of that moment).

Beauty was beauty, Jaskier decided, and he wasn't about to look the gift horse of harmonious inspiration in the mouth. And after all, he reasoned, there must have been something about Geralt that had so many women falling all over him. The strong and silent thing could only remain interesting for so long.

Jaskier resolved himself to turn right around and find his lute so that he could permanently put this image to song, when Geralt, without looking at him, asked him what the fuck he was doing there.

"Sorry, what?"

"You've been standing there for almost a full minute." Geralt re-dressed, a shame. Mostly a shame because his clothes were only slightly less dirty for having been washed in the stream and laid out to dry.

"I was..." he began, trying to remember what he had been doing before he started mentally composing a ballad about a non-specific witcher being nude. "I was making sure you weren't being eaten by drowners."

"No drowners in this part of the river." He pulled his shirt on over his head, but he was still quite wet, and it soaked through, the white fabric going

slightly translucent. *That* was going in the song.

"Well how was I supposed to know there were no drowners in this part of the river!" Jaskier huffed and turned away, his face coloring, because honestly, could Geralt not understand the simple human action of observing another person in an artistic way? Of course not, he didn't have an artistic bone in his entire body.

"I can handle a couple of drowners without help, anyway." Geralt picked up one of his swords, which was lying on a flat rock within grabbing distance, in the case that something malicious did decide to attack him while he bathed.

As Geralt finished dressing, his eyes turned to watch Jaskier, head still facing neutrally forward, but Jaskier could point out somebody trying to glimpse at him and be subtle about it. Also, sidelong glances were how Geralt looked at almost everything, unless he the subject of his attention was about to be killed.

Or if it was Yennefer. But Jaskier understood, you had to keep an eye on her. Sneaky.

"Now I must ask what the fuck *you're* doing," Jaskier said, because Geralt was still watching him and, while Jaskier would never, *never* be embarrassed of his artistic process, he was unnaturally flushed and did not prefer to be stared at.

"Nothing," Geralt said, his jaw set. He scraped his hair back off his forehead to tie it out of his face. Jaskier had never once seen him brush it with anything other than his fingers combed through, which was, frankly, appalling.

He gave Jaskier a final peculiar look before heading back into the thicket to find Roach and the rest of his clothes. He was probably annoyed that Jaskier left Roach alone to fend for herself.

Or, said an irritatingly correct part of his mind, *he knows what you're thinking about him.*

That was, of course, ridiculous. Jaskier stomped off into the brush after Geralt, ducking a branch as it sprung back after Geralt pushed it aside. The next one hit him upside the head. Geralt wouldn't know an ounce of what went through Jaskier's head. He didn't understand the mindset of an artist, of a *performer*.

Besides, Jaskier wasn't thinking of anything unusual or uncouth, anyway. Just the very poetic and provocative—ah, *evocative*, rather—image of a man, who, in Jaskier's mind, did not *have* to be Geralt.

Nude.

And dripping wet.

Geralt turned to look at him so suddenly that Jaskier ran right into him, and it was as if everything Jaskier had been attempting to reassure him of was dead wrong. Yennefer must have taught him to read minds.

"What!?" Jaskier's voice came out shrill and unpleasant, which was no good for a person of his vocation.

Geralt squinted at him—no, over his shoulder. "Nothing. Thought there was something behind you." He turned and walked on, and Jaskier stood stunned for a moment, before hurrying to catch up.

"That's not funny!" he announced, "I'm not even entirely certain you were joking, but it wasn't the least bit amusing!"

Geralt laughed, and it was terrible, the kind of noise that would scare small children. But Jaskier hastened after him, because his shirt was still wet and clinging to every curve of all of his many, very defined muscles. And Jaskier had to observe.

For inspiration.

Author's Note:

I am also on tumblr/twitter/pillowfort as @luddlestons, all of which are going to steadily become Witcher blogs once more.

I am very excited about this. I played the game way after it came out and the fandom was kinda crickets but NOW I AM READY. FOR DOING SO MUCH FANWORKS.